MARVEL
19
LGY#913
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
WORST. DATE. EVER.
GUEST CREATORS JOE KELLY, TERRY & RACHEL DODSON BRING YOU THE WORST DATE EVER!

PETER PARKER HAS THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH, AND AGILITY OF A ***SPIDER***, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE UNIQUE PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER CALLED ***"SPIDER-SENSE"!*** AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HIS UNCLE BEN, PETER PARKER UNDERSTOOD THAT WITH GREAT POWER THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. HE BECAME THE CRIMEFIGHTING SUPER HERO CALLED...

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

We are proud to welcome a fantastic guest creative team while Zeb and Johnny get ahead on their next arc!

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SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY
STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

PREVIOUSLY...

Peter's life was back on track until his clone, CHASM, came around to take a shot at him. Now that Spidey has unwoven Chasm's DARK WEB, he can get back to his normal life. You know, normal...like when your long-term girlfriend is mysteriously married with kids. Or working for your former arch-enemy who has tortured you and killed those you love for years. Or dating the world's greatest cat burglar. A normal life, back on track...

The events of this issue take place after the MARY JANE & BLACK CAT mini-series.

DON'T WANT TO JINX IT, BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF. I'M GONNA SAY IT...
...LIFE IS ALMOST--
WHEN YOU OFFERED TO WARM ME UP ON A COLD NIGHT--
--SORTA--
WOULD YOU HAVE COME IF I SAID IT WAS "A HOT WORK DATE BUSTIN' THE SOHO SCORCHERS, MAN"?
--KINDA--
EEW. NO.
HENCE, MY WORDSMITHERY.

NOT PERFECT.
A HAIR SHORT OF GREAT...
TWHIP
BAMF
JUST A SOLID GOOD.
MIRACULOUSLY, WORKING FOR NORMAN OSBORN HAS PUT A LITTLE CASH IN THE BANK AND GENERALLY BEEN...
PETER. I SAY THIS WITH ALL SINCERITY...
...YOUR NOVEL SOLUTION TO THIS TRIFLING ENGINEERING PROBLEM DOES NOT SUCK.
THANK YOU?
...A "NOT-SUCKY" EXPERIENCE.
MY SPIDEY-GAME IS BACK ON POINT, AND FOLKS SEEM TO HAVE NOTICED...
SWISH
THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS BEEN A LOT MORE FRIENDLY.
GET 'IM! C'MON!
OH. I'M SORRY, ARE YOU TRYING TO GET MY ATTENTION?
FLOP
CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH THAT AVALANCHE!
HA! YEAH! SPIIIII-D!
AND FELICIA...
BONK
MMMM. I'LL TAKE PAYMENT IN HOT CHOCOLATE ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.
WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE POOR.
SHHH. COCOA BLISS.
PETER. AFTER THE CHAOS OF THE LAST FEW WEEKS,* WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT TAKING A WEEKEND OFF?
HMMM. I DON'T KNOW. HOLD ON WHILE I CALL UP EVIL AND ASK IT TO CHILL--
DARK WEB
SURE WAS CHAOS!
--KNACKERED NICK
I'M SERIOUS.
THE CITY WON'T FALL APART WITHOUT SPIDER-MAN FOR ONE WEEKEND.
I...I CAN COME UP WITH REASONS IT WOULD--
DO ANY OF THOSE REASONS NOT INVOLVE THE WORDS "POWER" AND "RESPONSIBILITY"?
...
THERE'S A SKI LODGE AND SPA I KNOW. JUST UPSTATE. NOT TOURISTY. HIGH CLASS...
SILK SHEETS.
S-SILK IS MY FAVORITE OF THE ORGANIC FIBERS.
FELICIA IS...
FELICIA IS--

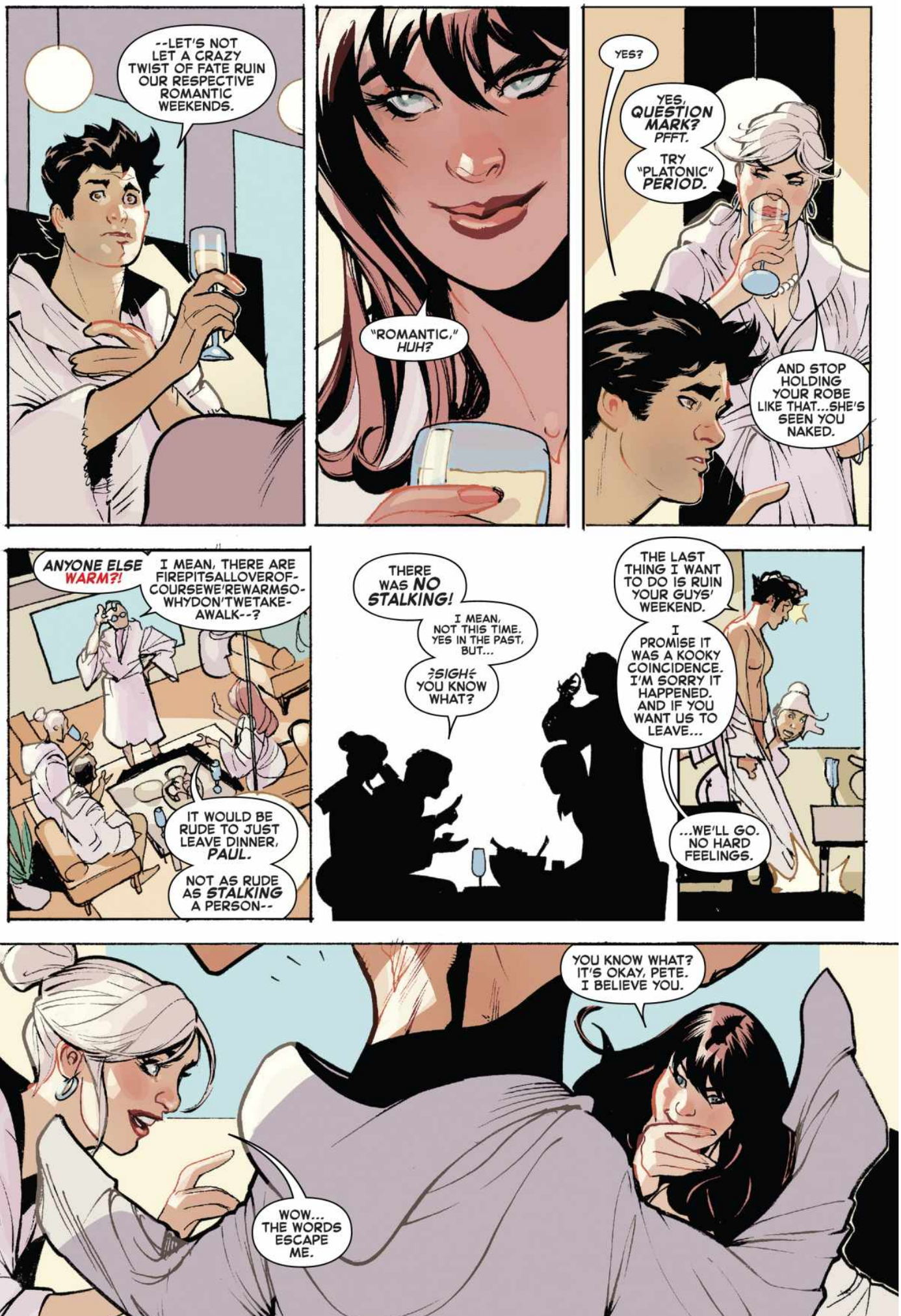
--TRYING TO KILL ME?
VRRROOM
ONE DOESN'T KEEP A CONVERTIBLE TO DRIVE WITH THE TOP UP! THERE IS STILL SO MUCH TO TEACH YOU ABOUT THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE.
LIKE *FROSTBITE?*
USE THE SEAT WARMER, YOU INFANT.
WHAT DID YOU TELL *MAY* ABOUT OUR LITTLE TRIP?
PFFT. I'M A GROWN MAN, FELICIA. I GO WHERE I WANT.
IT'S JUST FOR THE WEEKEND. YOU CAN GET ME ON MY CELL, AND I'LL SEND YOU THE NUMBER OF THE HOTEL--
FOR THE "ENGINEERING CONVENTION."
YEAH-- *MMFFM*-- BORING ENGINEERING!
I HOPE YOU AND FELICIA HAVE A NICE TIME.
DON'T FORGET TO WEAR A RAINCOAT.
COUGH! *MAY!*
SHE PACKED COOKIES--
WHAT ARE YOU

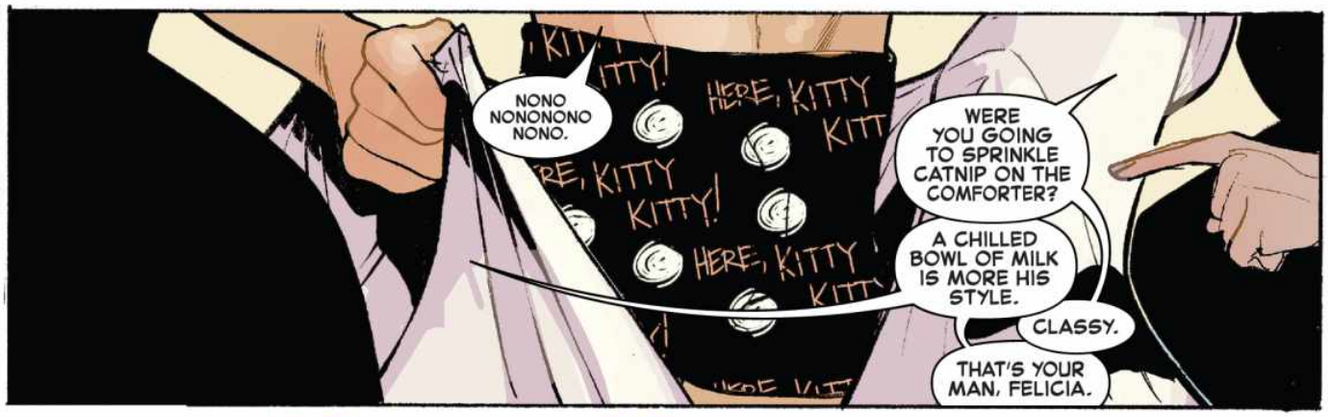
ENJOYING THE DRIVE, OF COURSE.
THERE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE SOMETHING THERE WITH FELICIA...
MAYBE THIS WEEKEND, I DON'T KNOW...MAYBE WE TAKE A STEP FORWARD INTO WHATEVER COMES NEXT.
SO, YEAH, I'M CALLING IT.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, MY LIFE IS FINALLY TURNING A CORNER.

MY LIFE IS A LIVING HELL.
EXCUSE ME?
I SAID, "WOW, WHAT A HILARIOUS AND ONE HUNDRED PERCENT COINCIDENTAL COINCIDENCE!"
I'M NOT LAUGHING.
FELICIA?
IT'S TRUE, MARY JANE. THIS LITTLE TRIP WAS MY GENIUS MOVE.

SNAPSHOT COUPON?
YUP. TARGETED MARKETING WINS AGAIN.
I'M DELETING THAT APP TONIGHT.
I'M THROWING AWAY MY PHONE.

HA! WELL... WE HAVE TO LAUGH ABOUT IT, RIGHT?
WE'RE ALL ADULTS. WE'RE FRIENDS--


--LET'S NOT LET A CRAZY TWIST OF FATE RUIN OUR RESPECTIVE ROMANTIC WEEKENDS.
"ROMANTIC," HUH?
YES?
YES, QUESTION MARK? PFFT.
TRY "PLATONIC" PERIOD.
AND STOP HOLDING YOUR ROBE LIKE THAT...SHE'S SEEN YOU NAKED.
ANYONE ELSE WARM?!
I MEAN, THERE ARE FIREPITSALLOVEROF-COURSEWE'REWARMSO-WHYDON'TWETAKE-AWALK--?
IT WOULD BE RUDE TO JUST LEAVE DINNER, PAUL.
NOT AS RUDE AS STALKING A PERSON--
THERE WAS NO STALKING!
I MEAN, NOT THIS TIME. YES IN THE PAST, BUT...
SIGH YOU KNOW WHAT?
THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS RUIN YOUR GUYS' WEEKEND.
I PROMISE IT WAS A KOOKY COINCIDENCE. I'M SORRY IT HAPPENED. AND IF YOU WANT US TO LEAVE...
...WE'LL GO. NO HARD FEELINGS.
YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S OKAY, PETE. I BELIEVE YOU.
WOW... THE WORDS ESCAPE ME.


NONO NONONONO NONO.
WERE YOU GOING TO SPRINKLE CATNIP ON THE COMFORTER?
A CHILLED BOWL OF MILK IS MORE HIS STYLE.
CLASSY.
THAT'S YOUR MAN, FELICIA.

RMMMMMMMMMMMBLE
WHOA!
OOF!
OH MY GOD!

I'M SO EMBARRASSED THE WORLD SHOOK.
NO. NO IMMEDIATE DANGER BUT I KNOW THAT RUMBLE.
DOUBTFUL. ARE WE TINGLING?

WE NEED TO GO UPSTAIRS RIGHT NOW. ENJOY YOUR WEEKEND, LOVEBIRDS!
LUCKY ME--
PETER?
IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT...? NOVELTY BOXERS.
YOURS ARE MUCH CUTER, HON.
YOU'RE SUCH A SWEET TALKER...
YOU OKAY, MJ?
YEAH... I'M GOOD.

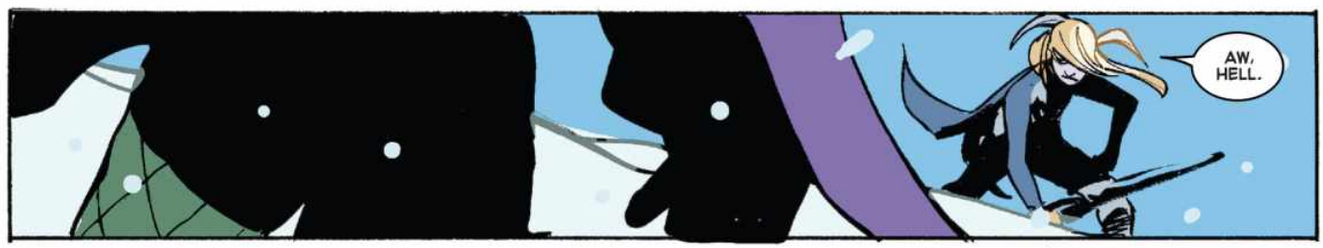
ONE QUICK DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN ROAD LATER...
"IT'S THE HARMONIC NATURE OF THE WAVE THAT GAVE IT AWAY. SURE, THERE IS THE OCCASIONAL QUAKE UPSTATE--BUT THOSE HAVE A DISCERNIBLE EPICENTER ALONG A FAULT LINE. IT'S ACTUALLY NOT THE SAME AS THE SHOCKER'S POWERS, WHICH ARE UNI-DIRECTIONAL..."
...I'VE BEEN TALKING SINCE WE LEFT, HAVEN'T I?
"SPIDER-SPLAINING." LITERALLY TOLD ME WHAT AN EARTHQUAKE WAS. TWICE.
AND I LET YOU, BECAUSE I KNOW THAT SEEING MARY JANE SENT YOU INTO A SPIRAL.
WHY ARE YOU TELEPATHIC RIGHT NOW? AND ALSO NOT JEALOUS?
I LIKE MJ. I SEE THE ATTRACTION. I KNOW THE HISTORY.
AND I'M A GROWN-UP.
SO JUST ADMIT THAT YOU'RE HOLDING A TORCH FOR HER AND WE CAN MOVE ON.
THAT FEELS LIKE THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH YOUR CLAWS THAT CLOSE TO MY JUGULAR.
YOU HAVE TO CALL A THING BY NAME BEFORE YOU CAN GET PAST IT.
ALL RELATIONSHIPS THRIVE OR FAIL BY A MEASURE OF TRUST, SPIDER.
TRUST ME WITH THE TRUTH...EVEN IF YOU DON'T TRUST YOURSELF.
CAT,

BOMB!
HOLD ON!
SHUFFLE
FOUND OUR SHOCKER?
YES?
KILL THE WAAAABBIT!
KILL THE WAAAABBIT!
THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU'RE SUCH A BIG FELLA--
--YOU'VE GOT AN EXTRA 50-YEAR-OLD CRAMMED INTO THAT MILLENNIAL BODY MAKING JOKES!

HERE'S ANOTHER OUTDATED REF FOR YA--
--BAZINGA!
VMMMP
WHOULF!
WANT A LITTLE YAKOV SMIRNOFF? EARLY *SIMPSONS?* I KNOW 'EM ALL--
ERP--
I PREFER... THE SWEET SILENCE OF DEFEAT.
SLEEP...
THAT'S LEGIT CREEPY, DUDE. NOT GONNA LIE--
--THREE DROPS OF TERROR PEE OUT OF FIVE.

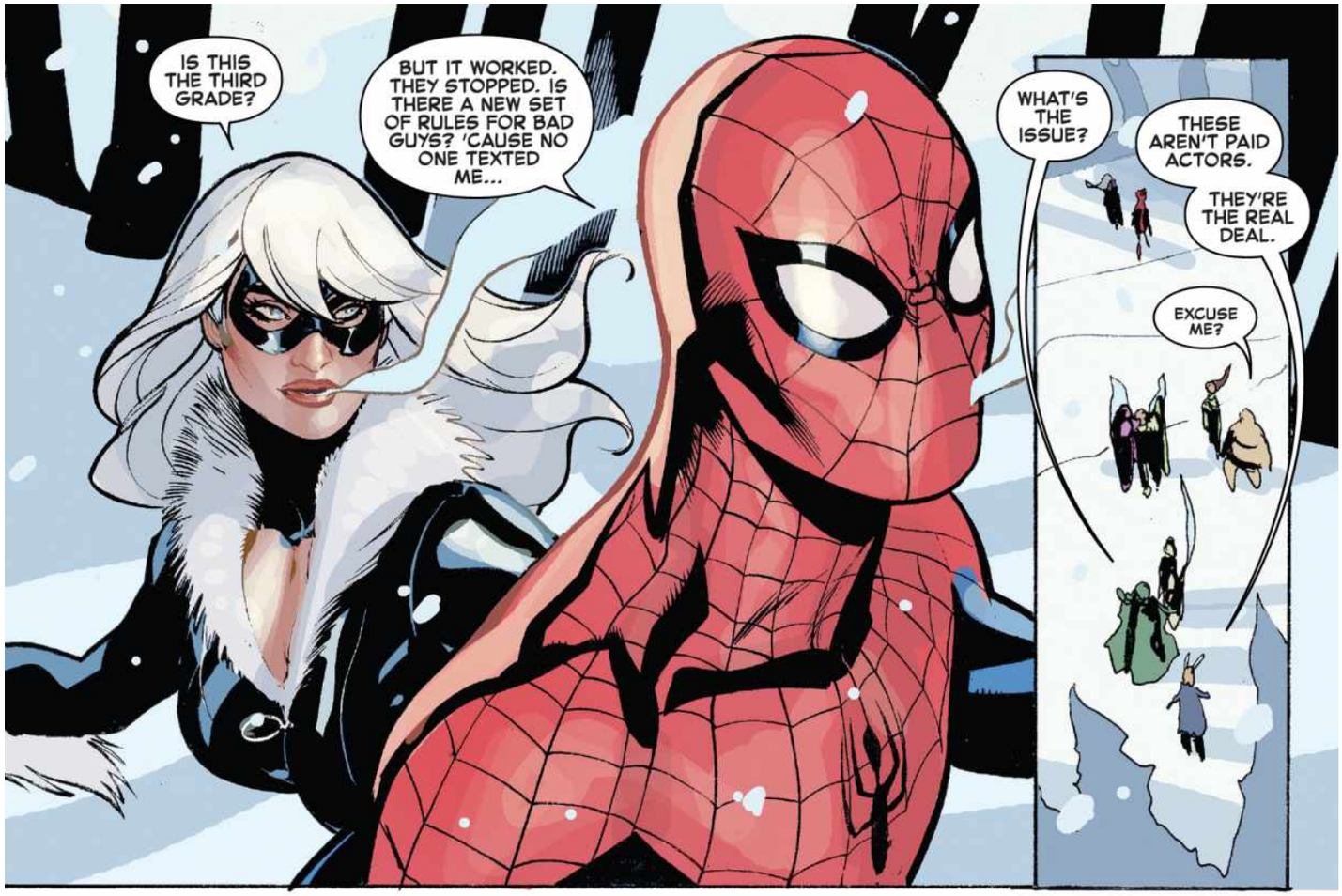
HATE TO BE THAT GUY... BUT IT'S ACTUALLY *DUCK SEASON.* SOOOO--
THWAP
HNNH!

SIGH IS NOTHING SACRED...?
UPSTATE NEW YORK WAS SO QUIET BEFORE THE HIPSTERS INVADED.
BUT THE *THRIFT STORES* CARRY MUCH BETTER MERCH.
NICE FIT, LADY.


AW, HELL.

"SINISTER SIX" REUNION?
OCK WOULD NEVER GO SHIRTLESS--SELF-IMAGE ISSUES.
THIS DUDE IS FEELING HIMSELF BIG-TIME.
NEW OBJECTIVE. CRUSH THE SPIDER, SKIN THE CAT--

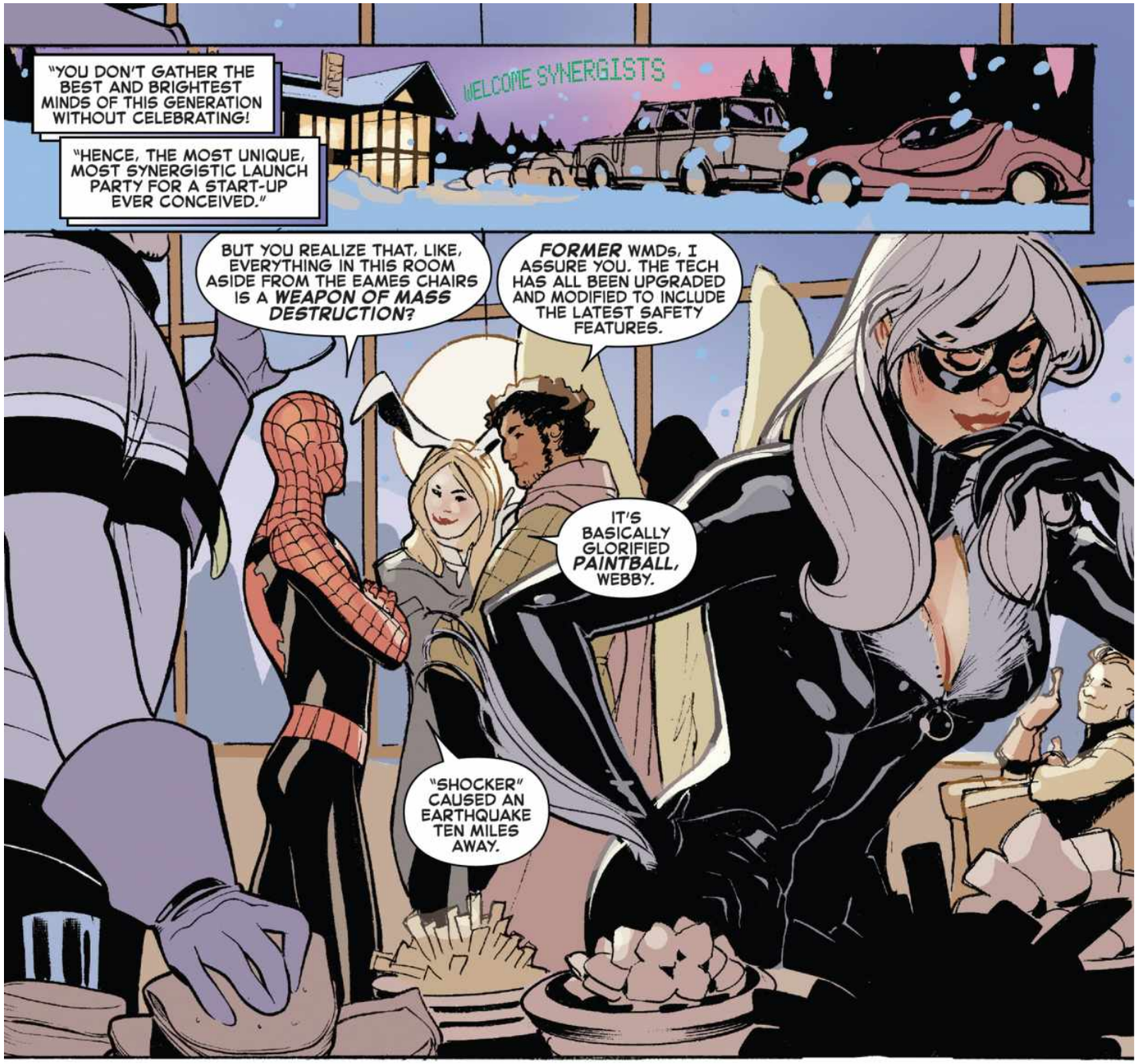
TIME-OUT!


IS THIS THE THIRD GRADE?
BUT IT WORKED. THEY STOPPED. IS THERE A NEW SET OF RULES FOR BAD GUYS? 'CAUSE NO ONE TEXTED ME...
WHAT'S THE ISSUE?
THESE AREN'T PAID ACTORS.
THEY'RE THE REAL DEAL.
EXCUSE ME?

HEY, SPIDER-MAN.
KAREEM. HOW'S THINGS?
Y'KNOW... NOT GREAT ALL OF A SUDDEN.
KAREEM AND SPIDEY SAVED EACH OTHER'S LIVES DESPITE KAREEM BEING WHITE RABBIT'S RIGHT RABBIT'S-FOOT MAN. --KNOW-IT-ALL NICK

ARE WE IN TROUBLE?
NO, BABY. WE'RE GOOD. SPIDEY'S COOL.

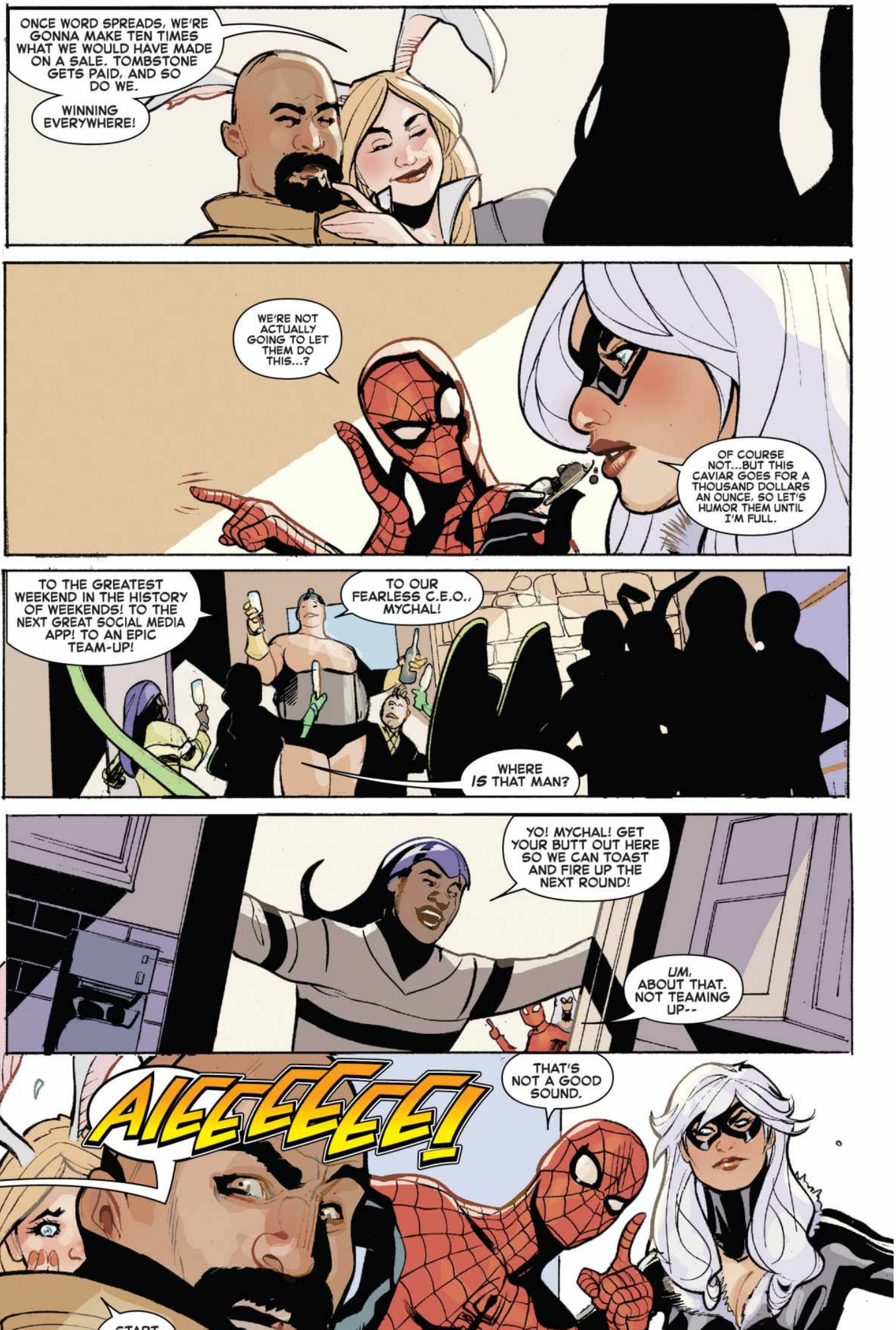
I AM. HUMBLEBRAG--
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!


"YOU DON'T GATHER THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST MINDS OF THIS GENERATION WITHOUT CELEBRATING!
"HENCE, THE MOST UNIQUE, MOST SYNERGISTIC LAUNCH PARTY FOR A START-UP EVER CONCEIVED."
WELCOME SYNERGISTS
BUT YOU REALIZE THAT, LIKE, EVERYTHING IN THIS ROOM ASIDE FROM THE EAMES CHAIRS IS A ***WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION***?
FORMER WMDs, I ASSURE YOU. THE TECH HAS ALL BEEN UPGRADED AND MODIFIED TO INCLUDE THE LATEST SAFETY FEATURES.
IT'S BASICALLY GLORIFIED ***PAINTBALL***, WEBBY.
"SHOCKER" CAUSED AN EARTHQUAKE TEN MILES AWAY.

A GLITCH. MYCHAL FIXED IT...
HE'S GOT MAGIC HANDS. *MMMM.*
MWAH
EW. YOU CAN SERIOUSLY EAT WITH THAT HAPPENING?

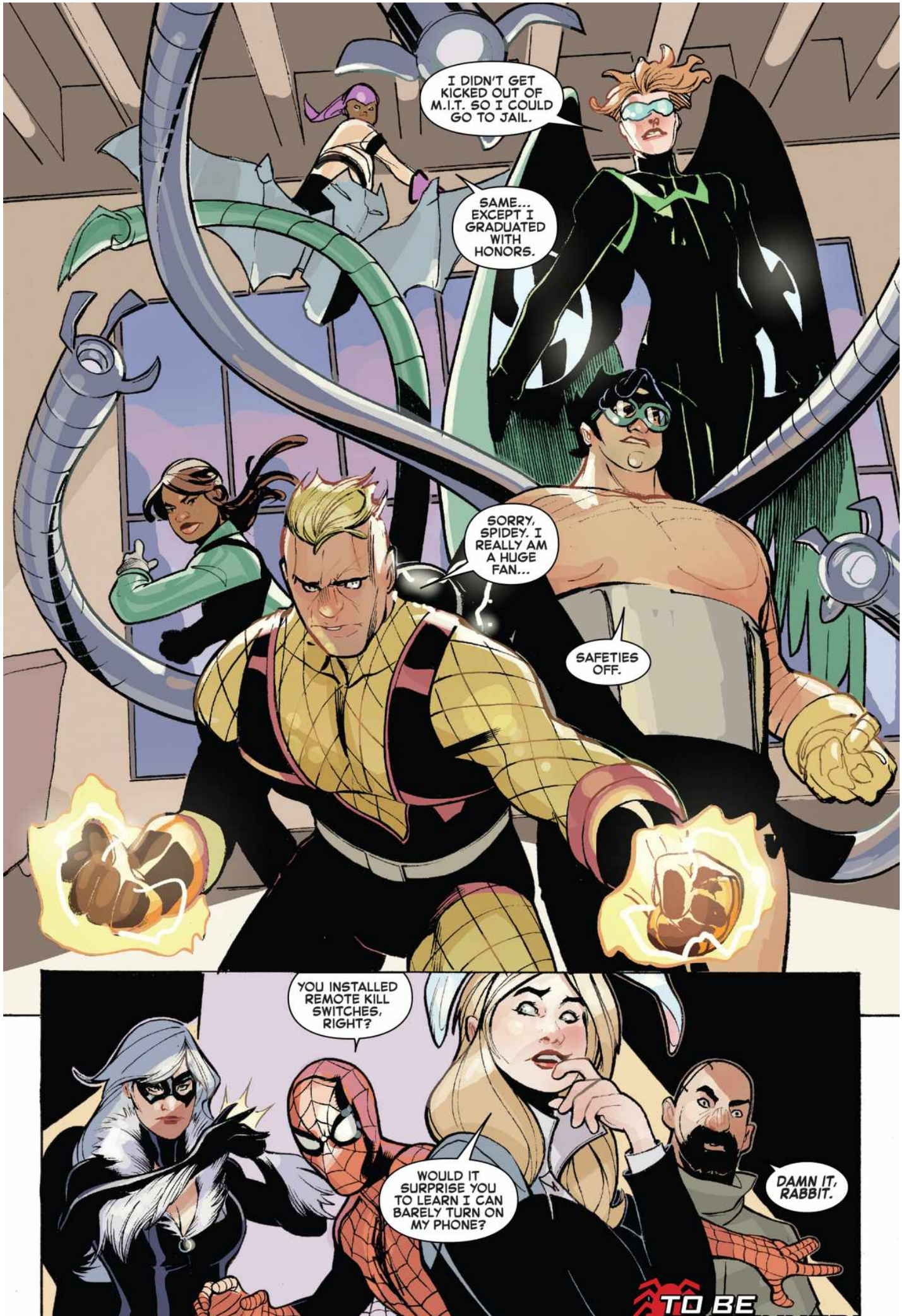
I HAD DINNER PLANS, BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG--
MOVING ON!

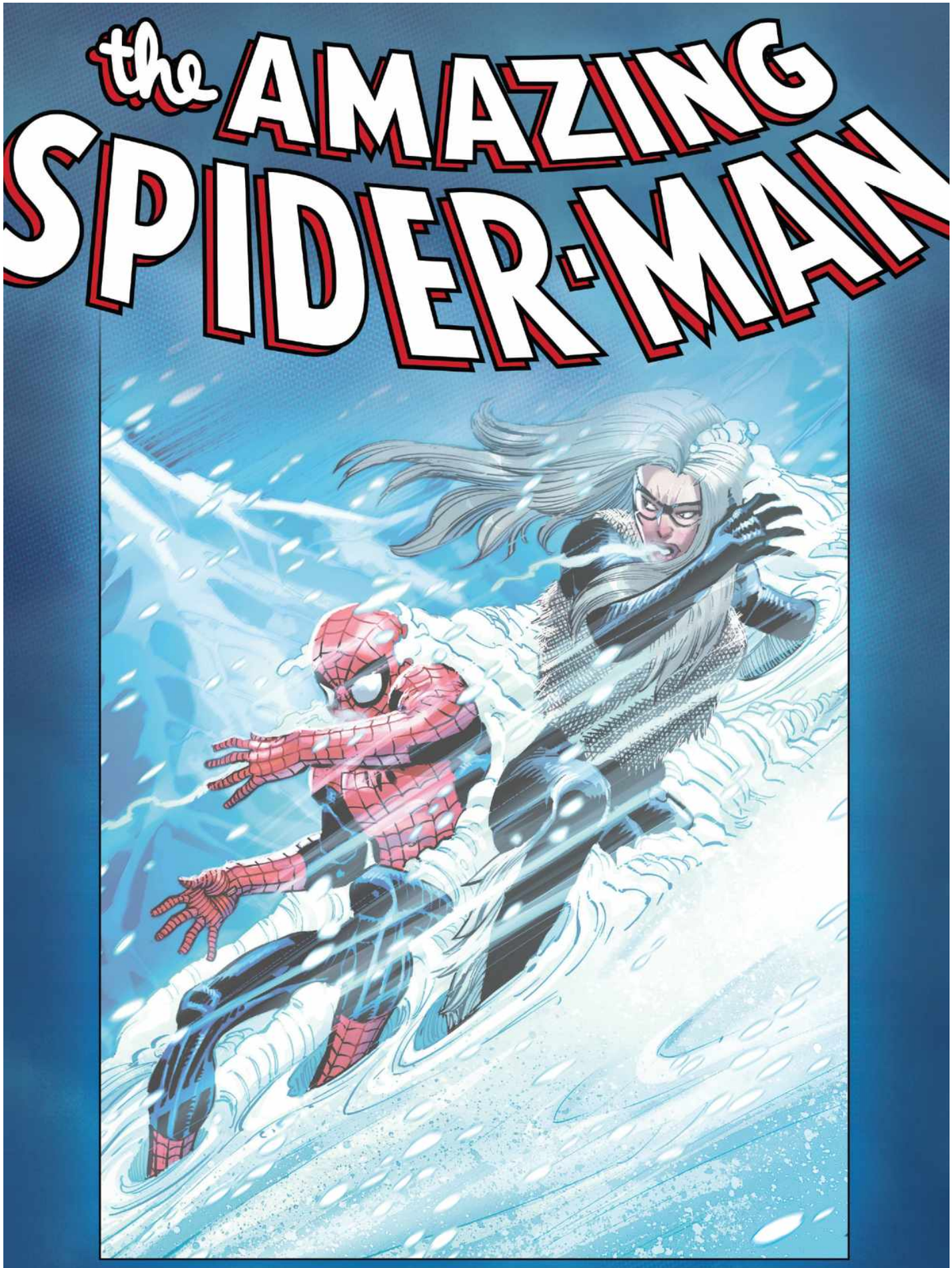
YOU'RE GOOD WITH THIS?
HELL NO. DOING WHAT I'M TOLD KEEPS ME ALIVE. THIS IS NOT WHAT I WAS TOLD.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SELL THE TECH, GIVE TOMBSTONE HIS MONEY, AND GET BACK TO THE USUAL.
THAT'S NOT ACTUALLY BETTER, BUT CONTINUE--
LIGHTNING ROUND!
WAIT, WHAT NOW?
THE SUIT. REINFORCED POLYMER BLEND WITH VARIABLE CHARGE NANO-ARMOR.
OBVIOUSLY, BUT I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF--
THE WEBS. HYPER-COMPRESSED FLUOROCARBONS WITH VARIABLE NOZZLE--
HA! SOFTWARE GUY, RIGHT? MY WRIST WOULD EITHER WEIGH A THOUSAND POUNDS OR BE A BLOCK OF ICE FOR COMPRESSED GAS TO WORK.
COMPRESSED CHAIN MOLECULES EXPAND DIRECTIONALLY BASED ON THE INTRODUCTION OF HYDROGEN. MY OWN DESIGN--
NERDING OUT WITH ENTITLED FELONS. ADORABLE.
AND--*AHEM*--I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT ONCE WE DETERMINE THE CRIME STATUS HERE. OKAY?
HE'S SO COOL!
RIGHT?!
SPIDEY. SERIOUSLY. HOSTING PARTIES FOR RICH BOYS AND GIRLS TO PLAY SUPER VILLAIN AIN'T MY JOB.
I KNOW I DON'T GOT THE RIGHT. BUT I NEED SOME BACKUP HERE. TOMBSTONE FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS SIDE GIG--
TOMBSTONE ***WON'T*** FIND OUT BECAUSE WE'RE NOT GOING TO ***TELL*** HIM.
HOW'S MY FACE?
FLUSH WITH PASSION.
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I THINK IT'S BRILLIANT.
WHY SELL THE TECH ONCE WHEN YOU CAN RENT IT OUT OVER AND OVER?
SHE GETS THE HUSTLE!
ALSO, TECH SHMUCKS LOOKING FOR A THRILL ARE A LOT LESS OF A SAFETY HAZARD THAN THE DIPS WHO WANT TO DO ACTUAL CRIME WITH THESE GOODS.
THAT'S... SORT OF TRUE--
--UNTIL ONE OF THEM GETS HUNGRY FOR MORE THAN WAR GAMES.
BUG-BOY WOULDN'T KNOW BACKROOM RULES, BUT I BET CATTY DOES.
TAKING THE FIFTH.
REALLY...?
CUSTOMER GETS TOO HANDSY WITH THE MERCH, THEY LOSE THEIR HANDS.


ONCE WORD SPREADS, WE'RE GONNA MAKE TEN TIMES WHAT WE WOULD HAVE MADE ON A SALE. TOMBSTONE GETS PAID, AND SO DO WE.
WINNING EVERYWHERE!
WE'RE NOT ACTUALLY GOING TO LET THEM DO THIS...?
OF COURSE NOT...BUT THIS CAVIAR GOES FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS AN OUNCE, SO LET'S HUMOR THEM UNTIL I'M FULL.
TO THE GREATEST WEEKEND IN THE HISTORY OF WEEKENDS! TO THE NEXT GREAT SOCIAL MEDIA APP! TO AN EPIC TEAM-UP!
TO OUR FEARLESS C.E.O., MYCHAL!
WHERE *IS* THAT MAN?
YO! MYCHAL! GET YOUR BUTT OUT HERE SO WE CAN TOAST AND FIRE UP THE NEXT ROUND!
UM, ABOUT THAT. NOT TEAMING UP--
AIEEEEEEE!
THAT'S NOT A GOOD SOUND.

DAMN.
HE WAS A REALLY GOOD KISSER.
YOU ARE A BROKEN PERSON.

UM, SO...WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM IN THE KITCHEN AS YOU PROBABLY HEARD.
I'M GONNA NEED EVERYONE TO TAKE OFF YOUR TECH AND JUST CHILL.


I DIDN'T GET KICKED OUT OF M.I.T. SO I COULD GO TO JAIL.
SAME... EXCEPT I GRADUATED WITH HONORS.
SORRY, SPIDEY. I REALLY AM A HUGE FAN...
SAFETIES OFF.
YOU INSTALLED REMOTE KILL SWITCHES, RIGHT?
WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU TO LEARN I CAN BARELY TURN ON MY PHONE?
DAMN IT, RABBIT.
TO BE



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